

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1906.

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)
XXX.
MY YOUNG LORD SETTLES SCORES WITH TWO FOES AT ONCE.

Occupied in wrangling with the groans over the news of our several snuffs, with the soldiers over politics and the court the conclusion of formalities, I had just declared that King Henry would be in Paris within a week, and was on the point of getting my crown cracked for it, when, as if for the very purpose—save the mark!—of rescuing me, entered from the street Lucas. He approached rapidly, eyes straight in front of him, looking us no whit; but all the longers turned to stare at him. Even then he paid no heed, passing us without a glance. But the old d'Auray bespoke him.

"M. de Lorraine! Any news?"

He started and turned to us in half-hesitant surprise, as if he had not known of our presence or, indeed, quite realized it now. He was both pale and crumpled like one who has not closed an eye all night.

"Any news here?" he made Norman answer.

"No, monsieur, unless his Grace has information. We have heard nothing."

"And the woman?"

"Sticking to mademoiselle told her never a word."

Lucas stood still, his eyes travelling dul-

I shot somewhat of my drawl to say, still airy.

"Go ask M. de St. Quentin. He's here."

"Here?"

"Certainly. He's elected now with M. de Mayenne. They're thicker than brothers. Go see for yourself, M. de Lucas."

"Where is mademoiselle?"

"Safe. She's to marry the Comte de Mar tomorrow."

He stared at me for a moment, weighing whether this could be true; then without further parley he shot into the house.

"Is that true?" d'Auray demanded.

Their tongues loosened now, they flooded me with questions concerning mademoiselle, which I answered wistfully as I could, heartily repenting me by this of having told Lucas. No good could come of it. He might even turn Mayenne from his bargain, upset all our triumph. I hardly heard what the soldiers said to me; I was almost nervous enough, wild enough, to dash up-stairs after him. But that was no help. I stayed where I was, fevered with anxiety.

At the end of five minutes he came out of the house again, and without a glance at us, went straight through the gate with the step and air of a man who knows well what he is about. I was no easier in my mind though I saw him gone.

Soon on his steps came a lackey to order M. de St. Quentin's horses and two musketeers to mount and ride with him.

not walk free again. His Grace bids you tell M. de Mar he remembers Wednesday night underground."

"And I remember Tuesday night in the council-room, Pierre." I was beginning, but he cut me short. Even now that I was in favor, he risked no mention of his disobedience. He packed me off with d'Auray on the instant; I had no chance to ask him whether he expected to see me again. Sometimes I have thought he did, but I am bound to say he gave us no look to show it.

d'Auray and I walked straight across Paris to the many-towered Bastille. It seemed a little way. Before the potent name of Mayenne had been open; a sentry on guard in the court led us into a small room all stone, floor, walls, ceiling, where sat at the table some high official, perhaps the governor of the prison himself. He was an old campaigner, grizzled and weather-beaten, his right sleeve hanging empty. An interesting figure, no doubt, but I paid him scant attention, for at his side stood Lucas.

"It came on M. de Mayenne's business," he was expounding, vehement, yet civil. "I suppose he did not think it necessary to write the order, since you know me."

The regulations, M. de Lorraine. The officer broke off to demand of our escort, "Well, what now?"

I went up to him, not waiting permission, and held out my paper.

"A. C. order, if I please you, monsieur, for the Comte de Mar's release."

I dashed in past the officer, snatching my horse's head to kiss.

"It's true, monsieur! You're free! It's all settled with Mayenne. Monsieur's seen him; he sees you free. He said, in recognition of Wednesday night."

Incredulous joy flashed over his face, to give away to belief without a word.

"Now I know she's married."

"Nothing of the sort!" I fairly shouted at him, dancing up and down in my error. She's at St. Denis with Monsieur. She's to marry you. It's all arranged, Mayenne consents—the king—everybody. It's all settled—she marries you."

Preposterous as it seemed, he could not deny me my fervor. He followed us out of the cell and through the fortress in a radiant daze. He half believed himself dreaming, I think, and feared to speak lest his hapiness should melt. I fancied even that he walked lightly and gingerly, as if the slightest untoward movement might break the spell. Not till we were actually in the open door of the court, face to face with freedom, did he rouse himself to acknowledge the thing real. With a joyous laugh, he turned to the keeper:

"M. de La Motte, you should employ your leisure in writing down your reflections, like the Chevalier de Mousquet."

You could give us a trenchant essay on the feignings of Man. Here are you, the best of the biggest, in Paris—a pile more imposing than the Louvre itself. Your liberality is so eager that you insist on entertaining me, no lavish that you lodge me in the tower of the Louvre without a murmur. Like the rest of my life, yet I, I confess, that I am, depart without a thank you!"

"They don't leave in such case that they can very well thank you, most of my guests," La Motte answered, with a dry smile. "You are a fortunate man, M. de Mar."

"M. de Comte, will you come quietly with me to the St. Denis gate?" d'Auray asked him. "We must borrow a guard from M. de La Motte."

M. de Comte's whole face was smiling; not his lips alone, but his eyes. Even his skin and hair seemed to have taken on a brighter look. He glanced at d'Auray in surprise at the abrupt question.

"I'll come like a lamb, M. de Mousquet."

We saluted La Motte and walked merrily out into the Place Bastille. I think I never felt so glad as when I passed through the noble sally-port, the soldiers making no motion to hinder us, but all smiling as if we owned the place. It had its advantage, this making friends with Mayenne.

The first thing my lord did, still in the shadow of the prison, was to come to terms with d'Auray.

"See here, my friend, why must you put yourself to the fatigue of escorting me to the gate?"

"Orders, monsieur. The general-duke wants to know that you get into no mischief between here and the gate. You are banished from Paris."

"I pledge you my word I shall make no attempt to go anywhere but straight to the gate. But with all politeness to you, Sir Musketeer, I could dispense with your company."

"I am a soldier, and a soldier's orders must be obeyed," d'Auray quoted the keeper's words, which seemed to have impressed him. "However, M. de Comte, if I had something to look at, I could walk ten paces behind you and look at it."

"Oh, if it is a question of something to play with!" M. de Comte laughed.

d'Auray was provided with toys, and M. de Comte linked arms with me, the soldier out of gunshot behind us. He followed till we were in the Rue St. Denis when, waving his hand in farewell, he turned his steps with the pious consciousness of duty. Only I looked back to see it; monsieur had forgotten his existence.

"I am not proud; I don't mind being marched through the streets by a musketeer," M. de Comte explained as we started; "but I can't talk before him. Tell me, Pierre, if you have any more living."

"I told him, till we almost ran blindly into the tower of the St. Denis gate."

We learned of the warder that M. de St. Quentin had recently passed out, but that nothing had been seen of his quarry. No words were heard for us.

"Well, then, we'll go have a glass. But if you don't come soon, by my faith, I'll walk to St. Denis!"

But that second glass was never drunk, nor were we to set out at once for St. Denis; for in the door of the wine-shop we met Lucas.

I had dismissed him from thought, as something out of the reckoning, dead and done with, powerless as yesterday's broken sword. I thought him gone out of our lives when he went out of prison—gone forever, like last year's snow. And here within the hour we encountered him. He walked out in his hand, a smile on his lips. He said in the flower of his easy insolence:

"Tuesday I told you our hour would come. It is here."

"At your service," quoth my lord.

"Then it needs not to slay your face?"

"You smell me easily, Lucas. You have but one life. That is forfeit, be you courteous?"

"You think so?"

Lucas held out the bare sword, hilt toward us.

(To be continued.)



Pierre Came to My Elbow with an Open Paper

by over the group of us, as if he expected somewhere to find help. At the same time he was not in the least thinking of us. He looked straight at me for a full minute before he spoke to my identity.

"You?"

"Yes, M. de Lorraine," I said, with all the respectfulness I could muster, which may not have been much. Considering our parting, I was ready for any violence. But after the first moment of astonishment he regarded me in a singularly lack-lustre way, while he inquired with odd apparent resentment how I came there.

"With M. de Due de St. Quentin," I grinned at him. "We and M. de Mayenne are friends now."

I could not raise him even to curiosity, it seemed. But he turned abruptly to the men with more life than he had yet shown.

"You've not told this fellow?"

"We understand your orders, monsieur," d'Auray answered, a bit huffed.

Now this was eminently the place for me to hold my tongue, but of course I could not.

"They had no need to tell me, M. de Lorraine. I know well what the trouble is. I know rather more about it than you do yourself."

He confronted me now with all the fire I could see.

"What mean you, whelp?"

"I mean, mademoiselle. What else should I mean?"

"What do you know?"

"Everything."

"Her whereabouts?"

"Her whereabouts."

He laid his hand on his knife by this.

On reaching the door with the bags, I discovered I was not to be of the party; our second steed must carry gear of mademoiselle's and her handbag, a hard-faced peasant, silent as stone. Though the men quizzed her, making if she were glad to go the mistress again, whether she had this time the lady's whereabouts, she answered no single word, but busied herself sewing her hood to her notion. Presently, in the guidance of Pierre, Monsieur appeared.

"You stay, Felix, and go to the Bastille for your master. Then you will wait at the St. Denis gate for Vigo, with horses."

"Is all right, Monsieur?" I had to ask, as I held his stirrup. "Is all right? Lucas?"

His face had been a little clouded as he came down the stairs, and now it darkened more, but he answered:

"Quite right, Achilles. M. de Mayenne stands to his word. Lucas availed no thing."

He stood a moment frowning, then his countenance cleared up.

"My faith! I have enough to gladden me without fretting that Lucas is alive. Fare you well, Felix. You are like to reach St. Denis as soon as I. My horse will not lag."

He sprang to the saddle with a smiting salute to his guardians, and the little train clattered off.

Pierre came to my elbow with an open paper—the order signed and sealed for M. de Mar's release.

"Here, my young cocker, you and d'Auray are to take this to the Bastille, and it will be strange if your master does

Lucas's hand went out to snatch and crumple it; then his clenched fist dropped to his side. It seemed as if his eyes would flicker the paper with their fire.

"Just that—the requisition for M. de Mar's release," the officer told him, looking up from it. "All perfectly regular and in order. In five minutes, M. de Lorraine, the Comte de Mar shall be before you. Sir Musketeer, I could dispense with your company."

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(To be continued.)

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Pioneer Lodge No. 9 I. O. O. F. last night elected the following officers: Victor W. Dykeman, N. G.; J. S. Gibson, V. G.; C. H. Deig, F. S.; J. L. Wilson, P. S.; D. B. Deig, treasurer; Dr. Charles, David Stuchler, and D. B. Deig, trustees.

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Three Large Lots of Samples From a Leading Manufacturer on Sale Saturday, and will be Continued on Tuesday

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR SKIRTS. BLACK SATEEN SHIRT WAISTS, and SILK and SATEEN PETTICOATS. They will be sold at near half their worth.

SKIRTS. About sixty of them made from tweed, black and navy blue kersey, black and navy blue habit cloth, black, navy blue and gray melton. The prices of these skirts will be from \$1.25 to \$2.75. Add \$1.00 to each skirt, and you are getting an idea of their regular price.

A FEW CHILDREN'S SKIRTS. About fifteen of them to be sold at \$1.25 and \$1.50 each. They are worth \$2.00 and \$2.25 each.

BLACK SATEEN WAISTS. The \$1.00 quality will be 60c. The \$1.25 quality will be 75c., and the \$1.50 quality will be 90c.

PETTICOATS made from fast black mercerized sateen with nice wide frill and flounces, will be sold at from 60c. to \$1.50 each.

SILK PETTICOATS AT PRICES FROM \$3.75 TO \$6.50. The \$3.75 are the regular \$5.50 quality, the \$6.50 are the regular \$10.00 petticoats.

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BIG SHOW WILL BE HERE

Barnum & Bailey Coming With New Circus Acts and Sensational Thrillers.

The Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on earth will exhibit in St. John July 20 and an immense entertainment of more than unusual interest may be anticipated with confidence. The character of the performance is indicated by the comments of the press, which has been unanimous in declaring that all previous records of magnitude and novelty have been surpassed this year.

Among this season's most notable announcements are a new military spectacle, allegorically portraying the closing days of the Russo-Japanese war in Manchuria and the triumph of "Peace;" three distinct sensations, in one of which an automobile, driven by a beautiful French woman, turns a complete somersault in mid-air; a great circus company of 300 European and American artists, who present the latest achievements in riding, acrobatic and aerial stunts; several troupes of remarkably trained horses; an exciting battle scene, presented by the central group of the three great herds of elephants; an entirely new tapodrome, with genuine Kentucky racing stock and jockeys of international reputation, and a largely augmented Zoo of rare wild beasts.

The standard set by the public for the Barnum & Bailey Circus," said a representative of the big show, "places a responsibility upon the management that is accepted with all the untiring effort and heavy expense that it involves. The public has learned to look to this big institution for all that is newest in the line of circus entertainment, and in order to justify this expectation, an expensive staff of foreign agents, with offices in nearly all the leading capitals in the world, has to be maintained. The duty of these foreign agents is to keep in touch with every new development in the foreign circus world, to engage any and everything of a novel sensation character worthy of importation and to make absolutely certain that the Barnum & Bailey circus shall be the first to introduce the best foreign acts to the American public."

"The result of the show's foreign service is especially noticeable this year. More novel features than have ever before been seen in a single entertainment crowd each other in the programme, while, I am sure, this season's thrilling aerial automobile of bicyclic acrobats will open up a new era in the startling sensation they have created in every other city where they have been presented. It may also be incidentally interesting to the local public to know that the comprehensive seating scheme originated by this show is still continued, and that everyone purchasing an admission ticket is entitled to a foot-rest seat."

Parades have been entirely eliminated by the Barnum & Bailey circus.

VAN HORNE NOW OWNS IT ALL

The Cuban Senate, last night, passed the Van Horne railway subsidy bill, appropriating \$6,000 a kilometre for the construction of twelve branch railway lines, with feeders for the Van Horne system. Subsidies will be paid at a rate not exceeding \$50,000 annually until all roads are completed.

There has been considerable opposition to the bill, but it was taken up and passed last evening in the absence of the strongest advocate of the amendment providing for public bidding.

The senate refused to amend the bill in this particular.

President Palma has decided to approve the bill on the ground that the country owes a debt of gratitude to Sir William Van Horne for building the main line of the Cuban railway.

This measure gives the Van Horne people full control of the transportation situation in central and eastern Cuba.

At the annual meeting of the Acadia Coal & Coke Co., which was held here yesterday, the old board of directors were re-elected. Hon. H. R. Emmerson was chosen president; Wm. Hall, of Springfield, vice; A. H. P. Randolph, of Fredericton, treasurer; W. H. Treman, St. John, secretary. The treasurer's report showed \$10,000 cash on hand. The company's property consists of valuable coal areas in Ohio, and the owners are New Brunswick and Nova Scotia men. The directors are Hon. Mr. Emmerson, Wm. Hall, John W. Lewis, Joseph Allison, of St. John; Geo. R. Sangster, of Moncton; Dr. J. R. Ingh, of Fredericton; and Mack Curry, of Amherst.

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